

The History of

That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather live
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Cousin,
Hee holds your temper in a high respect.
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But doe not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame.
And since your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautinesse, opinion, and disdain; ;
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behind a staine
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schoold. Good-manners by your speed.
Heere come our wives, and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*,

Glen. My daughter weepes, sheele not part with you,

Sheele

Hen

Sheele be a soldier too, fh

Mor. Good father, tell

Shall follow in your conc

Glendower speaks

hin

Glen. Shee is desperate

A peevishe selfe will'd ha
good upon.

The Lady

Mor. I understand th

Which thou powrest do

I am-too perfect in, and bu

In such a parley I could

The L

Mor. I understand thy

And that's a feeling disput

But I will never be a trua

Till I have learn'd thy lan

Makes *Welsh* as sweete as

Sung by a faire Queene in

With ravishing division t

Glen. Nay, if thou melt,

The Lady sp

Mor. O, I am ignorance

Glen. Shee bids you ont

And rest your gentle head

And shee will sing the Song

And on your eyelids crow

Charming your bloud wi

Making such difference bet

As is the difference betw

The houre before the heave

Begins his golden progres

Mor. With all my hea

By that time will our Bo

Glen. Do so: and those M

Hang in the Ayre a thousa

And straight they shall be